No, yet time ſerues, wherein you may redeeme
Your baniſht honors, and reſtore your ſelues,
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:
Reueng the ieering and diſdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwere all the debt he owes you,
Euen with the bloudie payment of your deaths:
Therefore I ſay.

Wor. Peace Cooſin, ſay no more.
And now I will vnclaſpe a ſecret booke,
And to your quicke conceiuing diſcontents
Ile read your matter deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenterous ſpirit,
As to o're walke a Current roring lowd,
On the vnſteadfaſt footing of a ſpeare.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or ſinke or ſwimd,
Send danger from the Eaſt vnto the weſt,
So honor croſſe it, from the North to South,
And let them grapple: the bloud more ſtirres
To rowſe a Lion then to ſtart a Hare.

North. Immagination of ſome great exploit
Driues him beyond the boundes of patience,

Hot. By heauen me thinkes it weare an eaſie leape,
To pluck bright honor from the pale-fac'd Moone
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where fadome-line could neuer touch the ground,
And pluck vp drowned honor by the lockes,
So hee that doth redeeme her thence might weare
Without corriuall all her dignities:
But out vpon this halfe fac't fellowſhip.

Wor. He apprehendes a world of figures here,
But not the forme of what he ſhould attend,
Good Cooſen giue me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Thoſe ſame noble *Scots* that are your priſoners.

Hot. Ile keepe them all.
By God he ſhall not haue a *Scot* of them.
No, if a *Scot* would ſaue his ſoule, he ſhall not.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22284) LONDON, 1613 THE BODLEIAN LIB